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Room 13.z

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Room 13.z

Recoil following the matronly woman
Along clean white corridors listening
To clip-clop of alternating feet
Annoying and raising apprehension.

She motions with right arm
A sweeping gesture overly dramatic
Leaving sweat and heartbeats that pump
Itchy blood reminders of something between ears.

Door flung open reveals red-eyed children
Playing puzzles, failing to connect sky
With sky, pieces of boats missing
A fat girl in the corner drinking glue.

Stop crying little Sally, stop crying
But she does not hear that. A boy with
Backward cap tosses Lincoln logs to affect,
Pull glue away to find push pops melted.

Blink. Corridor clip-clop nausium
Groping door handles yield way –

Grass covers walls with blinking eyes
A pair, brown with shades of gray eyeliner
Blink questions, expecting answers, looking
Noncooperative in cooperative way.

Breakfast is scrambled eggs English muffin
Butter orange juice coffee. Blink. Lunch spreads
Picnic basket on blanket on grass near eyes
White wine and cheese, simply brie and a baguette.

Eating comfort followed by soft laying
Out stretch but no sun. Siesta with grass tickling
Along bare back contentment of being turned
From blinking eyes finding sleep.

By Terry Smith